There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue vs. If thou loueſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſeruance to a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by *Cupids* ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow, with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus* Doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loue,
And by that fire which burnd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſayle was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue, looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Call you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,
Demetrius loues your faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loadſtars, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to Shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O vvere fauour ſo,
Your vvords I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I goe,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melody,
Were the vvorld mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you looke, and vvith vvhat art,
You ſvvay the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frowns wold teach my ſmiles ſuc
Her. I giue him curſes, yet he giues me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection moou
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, *Helena* is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradice to me.
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time, that louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuiſed to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Pimroſe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld,
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farwell ſweete play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander*, we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. *Exit Lyſ*

Hel. How happy ſome, ore otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.